A BRIEFE

RELATION

OF THE

GLEANINGS OF THE IDIOTISMES AND ABSURDITIES

OF

MILES CORBET

Esquire, Councellor at Law,
Reorder and Burgesse for
Great *Yarmouth*.

By ANTHO: BOILY, *Student in the Mathemagicks.*

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A BRIEFE
ASSULDRIS
COUCHE
Comedia
Printed and Bungde for

A briefe Relation of the Gleanings of the Idiotismes and Absurdities of Mr Les Corbet Esquire, &c.

Gods, Goddesses, or *Muses*, I invoke not,
Or (in this Case) to great *Apollo* spoke not: (my
Nor *Joves* swift *Thighborne Son*, wing'd *Mercu-*
Shall (in these following Lines) my Muse supply,
The man I meane to write of is a Theame
That flowes upon me, like a flowing streame.
Not *Thames* in *England*, or faire [a] *Seine* in *France*
Were ever greater Flouds of Ignorance.
I write of wit and wisedomes Inundation
Of high and mighty Policies Relation
Of things that only are for a Precise man
And farre above the reach of any wise man,
Of one that is in shape an [b] *Ethiopian*,
And in Religion a profound [c] *Utopian*,
Skill'd in the learned Lawes with such encrease,
That he'l deserve a fee to hold his [d] peace.
His heart is fir'd with zeale, and with a warme mouth
He pleades, as grand Recorder of great *Yarmouth*.
He's a most stiffe *Cathedrall* hater, yet
The State to make him [e] Chaire-man held it fit,
Poore Ministers (whom he deemes scandalous)
His power hath made 'em, not worth scant a lowse,
He's *Chair-man* also, for th' Examinations
And hath a Bosome full of Reservations,
He's *Chair-man* for the *Sope*, to keep you cleanly,
As farre as is from *Edinburgh* to *Henly*,

a *Seine* a River in *France* which runnes at *Paris*, as *Thames* doth at *London*.

b M. *Corbet* is as black without as within.

c Of no Religion.

d Hee can speak so much to the purpose that he doth most good, when he saies nothing.

e *Cathedra*, *quasi* Chaire.

And by the Parliaments most Grave direction
He swayes *Newcastle-Coles* by his [f]Complexion.
Hee's *Chaire-man* for the *Salt*, (a place most savery,)
And with it seasons all the Kingdomes [g]slavery,
Hee's *Chaire-man* also *Generall* and *Particular*
Over all Causes, in these times *Canicular*;
Above all persons both Divine and Secular
Within the bounds of *Brittaines* square Orbicular,
And though Dame Nature made him not a faire man,
Yet Art made him an [h]universall *Chair-man*.
Wit, Wealth, or Fortune, made him a Recorder,
And Knight invisible of the forked Order,
Which is an honour [i]*Vulcan* had from *Venus*,
From which degree our fates will hardly wean us.
His voyce more greivous then a Favor Tertian,
Irrevocable, like the *Medes* or *Persian*,
And (Error proofe) he can deny or grant,
Like [k] *Minos*, *Eacus*, or *Rahdamant*,
And they are all three Masters of the Chaire
To whose possessions he's th' adopted heire,
For he's the *Cornucopia*, that abounded
With all the vertues that adhornes a *Round-head*.
He hath full power, East, West, & North & South,
To make Malignants, even by word of mouth;
Faults, he can make to be no faults at all,
And [l] mountain crimes, can turn to mole-hils small
He can make guiltlesse guilty, guilty guiltlesse,
As soon as Cutlers can make swords be hiltlesse.
This is the *Miles*, whome millions more of miles,
Cannot o're reach in stratagems and wiles,
This is the *Miles*, worth more, by more then halfe
Then are the Famous miles of *Waltham Calfe*,
And though nine miles, that calfe did travell then
To suck a *Bull*, yet dry came home agen;
Yet hath our mighty *Miles* such happy luck,
He's *Miles* and *Taurus* both for *Calves* to suck.

f A very suitable dignity.
g Or the Rebels knavery.
h A medler in every Committee.
i But *Vulcan* was not dubd by a Justices Clark.
k Three Judges in hell.
l He hath the art of multiplication, and Substraction.

I'le not presume to call him [m] *Bull* by Patrimony,
For it may be he got that stile by Matrimony,
And (in Hay harvest) he's so stout and strong
To make hay with his head, without a Prong.
But leaving these things as a distin'd Omen
For him, or thee, or me, for friend, or foe-men,
Happy is he that's past it, for there be
To many in that [n] case, are scarce shot free.
Now must I write of something accidentall,
Wise grave absurdities, high Parliamentall:
And therefore (Readers) with advice take heeding
Whil'st I adde Vice, to Edifye your reading.
But I must now retract my lines before,
No Goddesse, God, or Muses to implore:
Although I crave not these, I humbly crave
That I *Will Sommers* learned Muse may have,
Or *Patch*, the *Cardinalls Sinkins*, or *Tom Derry*,
Or *Muckle John*, whose talke a man would weary,
Or *Archy* (foolish Knaveries precious Iewell)
Let all their wisedomes to my Muse bring Iewell,
Let all these ayde me, for I have a taske
That rumbles in my verses like a Laske!
These Muses, mindes and spirits, if they infuse me,
If I do erre all wisemen will excuse me,
For sure, he is a man of small Engine
That stoopes so low to set his wit to mine;
I doe protest my Satyres Chapps are muzled,
And my Invention ne're so much was puzled,
For *Corbet* and his Clarke of Peace, and *Quorum*,
A [o] Butcher humbly made complaint before 'um,
That Maister [p] *Colmans* dogge had such deceit
That if his Maister touch't a peece of meat
The Dogge so diligently ey'd and watch'd
That unespy'd, straight the meat he catch'd.
Grave *Corbet* hearing both sides, right and left,
Said, *that by Law all Felony is theft*,

[m] His Admiring audience, are the Calves that do suck the Bull of his wisedome.

[n] *It* is a catching disease.

[o] First Idiot, a dogg bound over to the Quarter sessions.

[p] A Phisition in *Yarmouth*, & his diligent dogge was a Spannell.

And therefore that falſe Dogge for his tranſgreſſion
I'le binde him over to the Quarter-Seſſion.

q 2 Idiotiſme. that to confeſſe and deny, is all one.

In ¶ *Yarmouth* there are little Lanes, cal'd Rowes
Nere which the tyde continuall Ebbes and flowes;
Which places are oft noyd, with fiſhes Garbadge,
With dyrt and filthy ſoyle of weeds & Herbadge;
Ther's a Decree, that who ſo ſoules the ſtreet
(Or Row) and doth not keep it cleane and ſweet,
Are at the Seſſions doom'd, and fin'd by Law
Whereby Delinquents much are kept in awe.
Miles Corbet, whoſe grave wiſedome ſought to prune all,
(Mounted in ſtate upon his high Tribunall)
One of the Dwellers faulty was accuſed
That he with filth and ſoyle the Row abuſed
Th' accuſed Party would excuſe the deed
(But no man to excuſings taking heed)
To whom the wiſe Recorder did reply,
Friend, here's no place for you to prate and ly,
Confeſſion may perhaps ſome way redreſſe it,
And Sir, you muſt acknowledge or confeſſe it.

s M. *Anthony Speck.*

To which an s *Aldermen* did anſwer make;
Sir, I ſuppoſe your wiſedome doth miſtake:
You are beſides the matter quite and cleane,
Acknowledge or *deny* (I thinke) you meane,
Good Sir, quoth *Corbet*, pray let me alone,
Is not t' *acknowledge* and t *deny* all one?

t Acknowledge and deny, and deny and acknowledge, doe agree like Ling & Cabbadge.

A Crew of tatterd s *Beggars*, on the way,
Miles Corbets ſwarthy worſhip humbly pray
That he his ſleeping bounty would awake
And give 'um ſomething for *Chriſt Jeſus ſake*:
He being charitable (though no Lover
Of poore Folke) did for *Gypſies* bind them over.

s Idiotiſme. *Corbet* bound Beggars over to the Seſſions for *Gypſies*.

The Beggars all appear'd unto the ſute,
But no man did againſt them proſecute,
And being then before the Judge to anſwer,
Grim *Corbet*, (with a viſage ſtetne as *Cancer*)

Accus'd

Accus'd them all as *Gypsies*, the Iudge said,
Though they are poore and Roguishly arraid;
I doe demand, who prosecutes them here,
They all reply'd, *'Tis that blacke Iustice there*;
And we beseech your Lordship iudge, and see
Who looks most like a *Gypsie*, he, or we.

A Fellow late, whose honesty was little,
Joyn'd [u] Giblets with a wench unchast and brittle.
It fell so in, and out, her wombe did swell,
Her bigneſſe, her disease did plainly tell,
The businesse of the Fellow and the Wench,
Was brought before *Miles Corbet* on the Bench,
Who being one that Leachery did hate,
Did the *Delinquent*, chide, revile, and Rate.
Quoth *Miles*, this Womans Belly doth appeach you,
And how to get a Bastard I will teach you,
I'le teach you get a Bastard: Sirha, I
Will make you think on't Sirha, 'till you dye.
With that a man that sate him neare unto,
Said Sir, I thinke 'tis more then you can doe;
You cannot teach him, for his skill is great,
The Spirituall Court knowes twice h' has done that feat.
All's one, quoth *Corbet*, tell not me what's what,
I'le teach him get a Bastard for all that.

In *Yarmouth* Towne, one Widdow [x] *Stigold* was,
That kept a shop of *Copper*, *Tin*, and *Brasse*,
The Woman in her shop did buy and sell,
And drove a good trade; but marke what befell,
She trading thus in many a sort of Mettle,
A Theefe sold her a misbegotten *Kettle*.
Quick search was made, the *Kettle* being found,
The Buyer by Grim *Corbet* ore was bound
To answer it at *Yarmouth Sessions*, where
Her [y] selfe for buying it did fully cleare.
The *Black Recorder* gave her [z] Councell then,
She with the accuser to have a bout agen

[u] 3. Foolery. Master *Corbet* would teach a Knave to get a Bastard.

[x] 4. Idiotisme. To sue a man for seeking his owne goods, that were stollen from him.

[y] Her shop was lawfull to buy & sell in; and the owner found it on her stall.

[z] This was foolish Knavish Councel, for it cost the poor woman neare 7l. of which Master *Corbet* had a large proportion for Fees.

At

At *Norwich* City, where at the Assize
The busineſſe might be try'd by *Niſi prius*,
There the grave Iudge did of the Woman aske,
Who councell'd her to ſuch an idle taske,
A lawleſſe ſuit againſt the [a] man to bring
His accuſation being for the King.
She ſaid that Maſter *Corbet* bade her to doe it,
Or elſe ſhe never had had mind unto it;
The Iudge eſpy'd one Maſter *William Gray*,
And ſaid to him I pray you goe your way:
Tell *Corbet* from me, that *he's a Foole*,
And (for more skill in Law) may goe to ſchoole.
Strait Maſter [b] *Gray* went, ſought, and chanc'd to find
The man 'mongſt Gentlemen, whom halfe had din'd,
Whereas he told him, that without delay
He had a meſſage from the Iudge to ſay.
What is it ſecret, he reply'd agen,
Gray anſwer'd nay, *Be't knowne unto all men*,
My Lord (the Iudge) commands me tell you this,
You are a Foole, and that mine errand is.
The Gueſts round, (inwardly) did ſmile and flout,
(For they all lov'd him like the Poxe or Gout)
And angry *Miles* ſaid *Gray*, I'le thus conclude,
Becauſe you brought to me this meſſage rude,
Expect from me, no further grace or favour
I'le bind you over to the good Behaviour.
For that (quoth M[r] *Gray*) I doe not care,
You may doe if you will, doe if you dare.
One M[r] [c] *Staines*, (Atturney by profeſſion)
In Chriſtmas time, ask'd whose was *Thursday* Seſſion.
Wiſe *Corbet*, on his Thumbs ends took adviſing,
And all his five wits wiſely Catechiſing;
He ſaid, if Plowlick [d] Monday fell on Monday,
Which as I take it, is next day to Sunday,
Is it not ſo, what ſay you Maſter [*] *Roe*,
As I doe take it, ſure it muſt be ſo.

[a] There was no Law for the Woman to ſue the man, for the man fought but his owne goods.

[b] M. *Gray* did not doe his meſſage at *Norwich*, but at *Yarmouth*, at the Bayliffs houſe, where *Corbet* din'd.

[c] Idiotiſme. To ſtudy, if monday were monday, or not.

[d] The monday after Twelfe-day, ſo called by the Husbandmen in *Norfolk*, becauſe on that day, they doe firſt begin to Plough.

[*] He did aske M. *Roe*, an Alderman of *Yarmouth*, if monday would fall to be monday that yeare.

The

The Tuesday next the Sessions doth begin
At *Norwich*, and the Tuesday next (I win)
The Sessions will be here, sure it must be,
Or my account hath much deceived me:
There was a jugling Cunning [e] man of fame,
A nick-nam'd Conjurer, *Marke Prynne* by name:
Whose skill was in Astrologie so great
That by that Art he many Folks did cheat.
This *Marke* (pray *marke* me now what here I write)
Could many *Fiends* and *Planets* names recite,
And more strange *Magick* words from him would drop,
Then are in an [f] *Apothecaries* shop,
He would (with an impregnible brasse forehead)
Talk of the *Zones*, the *Frigid*, and the *Torred*,
And from *Parnassus Mount*, or *Aganippe*,
He seem'd t' out doe, *Cornelius* call'd *Agrippe*.
'Twas thought this *Marke* knew all the divels in Hell,
And fam'd t' erect a figure excellent well.
Wherefore the Country Folkes admir'd his Art
That if they had lost Cowe, Calfe, Horse or Cart,
Or silver spoone, or Bodkin, Knife or Ring,
Or Milstone, Windmill, Corke, or any thing
Heavy or [g] light, 'twas still his happy lot
To help the People to their goods, or not.
This *Mathematick* man, this cheat *Mark Prynne*,
Did gull the People still from time to time
So farre, that in Complaints they all agreed
To tell *Miles Corbet* all their griefes with speed.
He gravely hearing many things alleadg'd
Faults mixt with faults, together interwedg'd,
So that to Prison *Prynne* was straitt committed
At Sessions next to suffer, or b' acquitted.
Then the *Recorder* wittely gave command
To search *Prynnes* learned study out of hand,
There they found Books some *Theologicall*,
Historicall, and *Phylosophicall*.

e 6. Idiotisme. To hang a man for an old Almanack being found in his Study.

f He would name *Coloquintida*, *Assafetida*, *Zerzaparilla*. 3. Bitter, stinking, & pocky Divells; besides *Polipodium*, *Bole Armeniack*, *Unguentum Camphiratum Album*, *Galbanum*, *Auxungia Porcina*, &c.

g From the ponderous weight of a Ladies Fan, to the lightnes of a Sow of Lead.

Amongst the rest they chanc'd to finde a Book
Call'd *Moulsons Almanack*, which strait they took
And shewd *Miles Corbet*, who said presently,
This is the Book the knave doth conjure by,
This wicked book shall help him to a check,
That at this Sessions now will break his neck.
O rare *Oedipus* that so found out
The meaning of the book to cleare the doubt;
As fit as any *Mare* is for a Cradle,
Or any *Sow* for an Imbrodered Sadle:
As sutable as sawdust, and rost beefe,
For *Moulsons Almanack* is but a breefe
[h] A Book of merry fortune telling, with the formes of Dice, Starres, &c.
Of the fam'd fabulous *Sheperds* [h] *Calender*;
And for no use of any Conjurer.
But for all that, *Miles* will by Law or wit,
Prove *Prime* to be a Conjurer by it;
And though in most things he was cleare excus'd
Yet when *Miles Corbet* the strange book produc'd,
And opend it, did shew it to the Iury,
And said to them, *my Maisters I assure yee,*
This Book is damnable and dangerous,
He hath described here each Celestiall House;
He names *Albumazer, Copernicus*,
Rombombonax, and *Mephostophilus*,
Here's pictures of the *Bull, Beare, Goat and Lyon*,
Here's names of *Lucifer*, and of *Oryon*.
And therefore Iury marke your charge this time,
Theres in that book enough to hang *Mark Prime*.
[i] One of them was M. Thos Chesshire a Divine.
With that an understanding man or [i] twaine,
The substance of the book did strait explaine
To be as farre from Maister *Corbets* talke
As Oatmeale is from egges, or cheese from chalk.
By that bookes vertue we dare both to sweare
No man can ever be a Conjurer.
They therefore praid the jury to conceive
The Law cannot a man of life bereave

For

For any thing which that booke doth containe;
With that the *Jury* went and came againe
And by their Verdict, *Pryme* not guilty found
Escap'd a *Popham Check*, twixt Sky and Ground.
And there the learn'd *Recorder* gain'd much credit
As some said, if they did not lye that said it.

¶ With neither lyes or fables here I mock ye;
Miles Corbet and squire, (sweet *Tony Nockey*)
Road like knights errant to make inquisition
And find unlicenc'd *Ale-houses* condition;
Like *Spains* black Knight, (*Don John de fifty kanco*)
Or valiant *Don Quixot, and Sancho Pancho*,
Adventerously they put their feet in stirrops
To punish Victlers and to taste their Sirrops.
The very Visage of *Miles* was so dreadfull
That feare fil'd many an hostes heart and headfull;
Th' afrighted tiplers for a *Bugg-bear* tooke him;
He lookd so *grim* the divel could not outlook him,
The men the women, children, every one,
Did fear him like *Rost-head and bloody bone*.
Reader for thy good, mine, or any mans
They search'd the measure of *Pots, Iugs and kans*,
They took survey of cheating, *Nick and Frosh*,
Two knaves, that made drink stinke like *Northern*
They tasted Ale so deep, that to conclude (cloth
Both man and Maister were in th' ale-clude;
Both in their *Perricranions* elevated
Took horse, and riding home being lighely pated;
Ambo their beasts, their beastly riders tumbled,
Into a *Sandhole*, as they *ambo* stumbled.
The Horses both ran home, and left them there:
But when fo'kes saw their riders not appear
The fear was great, that both the man and maister
Had met with knaves, or theives or some disaster;
Then Lanthorns were hung out, and bells were Rung,
And search was made, with travell & with tongue.

¶ 6. Idiotisme how M. Corbet, and his man Nocky being both drunk, fell into a sandhole in Yarmouth Deanes.

To finde those men (if they were *supra* ground)
Although they both were better lost then found,
At last they well came home, found wind and limbe
(But in a strange and metamorphos'd trimme)
Their hats, their cloakes, their wits both broke and whole
Forgot, and left all in the Sandy hole.
What shall I further in this case dispute,
For very joy, the cheerfull Bells were mute,
The darkned Lanthorne Candles snuffes did stink,
And in this joy no man their health did drink.

18. Idiotisme, The great Bible brought into the Pulpit, scandalous.

One Maistch *Webbe*, full fourescore yeare of age
At *Basingstoke* had spent his pilgrimage,
Was fetch'd unto the Parliamentall Citty,
Where *Corbet*, *Choire Conditty-mus* (most witty)
Tax'd him, that he offensive Doctrine taught,
And the great Bible to the Pulpit brought,
Which (to the people) was so much offensive
Vnedifying, and so apprehensive,
That (to his audience) it was found (*Probatum*)
To be a crime ycleep'd, *Scandalum Datum*,
Webbe answered, Sir, pray understand, and see,

In *Corbet* told the old man, Sir, we have nothing to doe with your *Scandalum Datum*, and *Scandalum Acceptum* here, for we say here, that that is an offence at which the People are offended.

That *Scandalum* is *Acceptum* it may be,
It may be scandall taken, though none given,
And I to such an Exigent am driven,
That having liv'd so long, (I pray you marke)
And that with extreame age my sight is darke,
My Clarke brings the great Bible, and not I,
Because the print is big, when I apply
Or quote a Scripture, because Folke should heed it,
I in the great print can the plainer read it.
Thus did the old man plead, and pleade in vaine,
He must no more his Benefice retaine;
These words of his, no satisfaction giving,
Was Voted by *Miles Corbet* from his Living.

19. Idiotisme. Want of teeth scandalous.

Another Minister in *Lincolnshire*,
Liv'd in his Parish five and fifty yeares

T Twice

Twice every Sunday he did preach and pray,
And none his life or Doctrine could gainsay;
At last (with extreame age) his Teeth were shed,
That few or none were left within his head,
And want of teeth his speech did so impaire,
That the Complaint was brought before the Chaire
Where Mighty *Miles* did tell the old man plainly
That in his preaching all his talke was vainly,
Because his tounge lisp'd hollow inwardly,
Whereby the people could not Edify.
The old man answer'd, he had preach'd so long
That he had almost preach'd out teeth and tongue,
Yet (for all that) he would his Function follow
And pray and preach, although his Voyce were hallow;
Then stout Sir *Thomas Burrington* did say,
In this Emergent Cause spend not the day:
I would have this grave man beriv'd by me,
And to devide his Benefice agree;
You shall have halfe (old man) and take no paine,
The other shall an able man maintaine;
You shall doe nothing, and have halfe your store,
The other shall doe all, for as much more.
To which wise speech, the Reverend Pastor fed,
I'le put my Clothes off, when I goe to Bed,
My Benefice and I, yeares halfe a hundred
And five, have been conjoyn'd, should not be sundred,
'Twas unto me, my Portion and my Lot,
By *Simoniack* meanes I had it not;
I've preach'd in season oft, and out of season,
And to deprive me now, there's little reason:
I have preached long, and hope to preach agen,
T' be understood, by understanding men.
Not e*Amsterdam*, or *Edinburgh*, or *Leith*,
E're punish'd Preacher for his want of Teeth,
My heart and tongue are both upright, I know,
And with them both my diligence I'le show,

My Living is my my Life, and I'le apply
To live in't (as I have done) 'till I dye.
Then moſt ſententiouſly wiſe *Corbet* ſpake,
And will'd the Parſon his advice to take,
And doe as wiſe Sir *Thomas Barrington*
Had Counceil'd him, all further ſtriſe to ſhun.
The old man anſwer'd, 'twas not avarice
Or any thing that Mizers held in price,
But if he ſhould make ſuch a Reſignation,
It would o'pe wide the gates of Innovation,
And any Preacher, ſo might be ejected
By fooles, if they his Doctrine diſaffected,
I'le keep my Parſ'nage (*Sans*) deſire of pelfe,
And though I'm old, I'le eat my Bread my ſelfe.
The *Chair-man* could no handſome anſwer utter,
Yet he with his aſſociates, whiſpering mutter:
Some things the old mans faults t' exaggerate,
(For why his wit they all did ſtagger at)
Which made the Parſon into paſſion fall,
And ſaid, I am much older then you all,
I'm wiſer ſure then ſome of you are here,
And as for honeſty, I'le mak't appeare
In that point, all of you I doe defye,
And he doth lye, that dares to ſay I lye.

One Doctor * *Utey*, (a man grave and learn'd)
Who well diſtinctions (Controverſie) deſcern'd,
Was tax'd before *Miles Corbet*, and his Meny all,
For making ods 'twixt *Mortall ſinnes* and *Venyall*:
The *Black Recordar* did demand ſtrait way
What (in this Caſe) the witneſſes could ſay,
For *Utey's* tax'd, that he would often ſtrike
Vpon diſtinctions *Romiſh Catholike*.
One ſaid *Sinnes Damnable*, he ſaid, I wot
Sinnes Veniall, and *Sinnes Mortall* he ſaid not:
A ſecond man the firſt mans words aver'd,
Why then (quoth *Corbet*) thus the Caſe is clear'd,

* 10. Idiotiſ. Scandalous to ſay *Veniall* & *Mortall* ſins, but neither ſcandalous or Popiſh, to ſay *Veniall* and *Damnable*.

If

If *Utey* had said *Veniall sinnes* and *Mortall*,
He then had opened wide the *Popish Portall:*
But since both *Damnable* and *Veniall* were
His words; from *Popish Doctrine* he is cleare.
When p this last q *Draco* Parliament began,
Began the fall of every honest man:
All Lawes of God and Man were disanull'd,
The People (from their States) rack'd, pull'd, and gull'd,
They (from the King) did take no more, but *ALL.*
Their *Rapine* was so Epidemicall.
The *Protestant Religion* was their plea,
And how to drowne, and sinke the *Popish Sea;*
Whilst *Protestantisme* is extinct Confounded,
By *Brownisme, Anabaptisme*, and the *Round-head,*
And *Romes* great Sea by them is justifide,
In their accurst attempting *Regicide.*
London, our *Englands* great Metropolis,
Seem'd to be griev'd with some Monopolies;
That City e'r it for their *Allegiance* fam'd,
For *Disallegiance* through the whole world sham'd;
They griev'd for *Shipmonyes*, and petty things,
The *Right Prerogatives* of former Kings,
They grieved much, and grumbled at all these,
And then (like Fooles) to seek amisse for ease;
The Kings *Prerogative* was lighter farre,
Then halfe their *Taxes in Rebellious Warre,*
For they by *Orders, Ordinance*, and *Votes,*
T'have strip'd the People even from their Coats;
In this beginning, young, old, more and lesse,
Made Vniversall r Noise for *Burgesses:*
Amongst the rest, a swarme of *Sectaries*
At *Yarmouth, Corbet, Corbet, Corbet*, Cryes,
Who strait to *Westminster*, did make Repaire,
And there, Inthroan'd in the *Committee Chaire,*
Then presently to *Yarmouth* he sent downe,
That what agrievances were in the Towne,

p 11. Idiots. *M. Corbet* and his Brethren ignorant of their Creed.

q *Draco* was a Lawmaker of *Athens*, reported to have written his Lawes in Blood.

r They cryed out, as the *Iewes* did, when they said, *His Blood be upon us, and our Children;* So these men whom they tryed up, hath been the shedders of their Blouds, with their Childrens,

He

He will'd 'em that to him they should expresse it,
And he would take an order to redresse it.
Some *Aldermen*, some *Common-Councell* men,
(In number twelve) sate in Committee then,
A Woollen Draper. *John Carter* (Alderman) was chiefe that sate,
Who said he one great grievance would relate:
Which was their Minister did use to pray
Before his Sermon, and in praying say,
Let us praise God for Saints that lived here
In Gods feare, and Eternall Glory, where
They doe enjoy th' unspeakable fruition
Of the Almightie's presence, whose Condition
Is now in everlasting glorious state
As we shall be, if them we imitate.

Digression.

And now good Readers, pardon my Digression,
'Tis farre beyond the grounds of my Profession
To touch, or write of high Mysterious things,
Or th' Incarnation of the King of Kings.
But seeing Unbeleevers not Confide
In him that for our sinnes was Crucifide,
He that for us drunke dry Gods wrathfull Cup,
He that laid downe his Life, and tooke it up,
He that did satisfie the Devine diotne
For all beleeving Soules, and so for mine,
Shall I heare, that accursed Blasphemie
Is countenanc'd (against his Deitie)
By Parliament Apostates, shall I then
Neglect to tell 'em on't with Tongue and Pen,
He that knowes Iesus Christ so much above 'em,
And suffers it, shall one day by him be reprov'd.
And Readers, I your pardons crave againe,
'Twas not the Raptures of an idle Braine,

Truth,

Truth, only Truth, and the whole Truth, &c. &c.
So help me God, as I shall truely answer.

The grand Committee whether close hid or gound, *at Yarmouth.*
Sate at a Boord, but whether square or Round
I know not well, but words and speeches past
Against the preacher, till they laid at last
They heard him say, *the holy Iesus Mary, save*
The holy Virgin, mother of God to be.
To which they all conclude, they did not know
Whether she were the Mother of God or no;
And in their wisedomes, circumstances weighing,
They said, *it was a great sin to say so,*
If she were not, 'tis Blasphemy to say
And for Blasphemers to, and Blasphemy
'Tis fit, that presently we should proceed
Complaint of it unto the
Some of the Brethren in this zealous pother
Said, *Peradventure*
Or else their
None ever could
All disagreeing thought themselves agreed,
By Votes, and Bullets with impartiall speed
With that those impure sanctified Zelots
Did into two bagges, drop their holy pellets
And which bagge there the most of bullets fell,
Caus'd her be tri'd the mother of God or no:
And by one bullet which
Put in one bagge, the Virgines Cause was gain'd
Was ever known so fond a fantasie
They might as well have drawn the cuts or cast
Or plaid at crosse and pile, or handy dandy
Such fooleries had been safer to handy
As bullets, though too many bandies are
With as much sence in this Rebellious Warre
For understand good reader as you read,
These poore Committee men knew not their

They have deny'd the Christian Faith like Jewes,
And for Religion they may go to Church,
For our beleife most plainly doth declare,
That shee, *in her blest wombe Gods Sonne did beare,*
And he was God, (as blessed Luke saith)
Which is a fundamentall poynt of Faith,
God is the word, he and his word are one,
The word was God, being God Eternall,
The Word was made [illegible]
was, and is Jesus, see what dotes say we,
That Jesus was the Virgins [illegible]
Of Jesus (God and Man) [illegible]
You fond *Talmudists*, what say you to this?
How can you hope for ever [illegible]
That in your wandring fancies so do vary
As to doubt *Jesus* for *Mary's Sonne of Glory*?
For such as dare say, *Jesus* is not God,
Through want of Faith, shall cover to hell headlong.
Thus did the dull and [illegible]
By th' *Atheist* blasphemie of [illegible]
With one poore sentence [illegible]
The honour which [illegible]
Which is her duge [illegible]
And yet I am not [illegible]
Her honour I no [illegible]
Though I to her [illegible]
Base are those [illegible]
His Mother, *who's Prayer of Queene and Dame*
He that will judge such misbeleiving fallowes
Vnto the divell, who blowes [illegible]
But leaving these things, [illegible]
Let's talke of [illegible]
The businesse did [illegible]
Before great *Corbets* throne at *Fleet mayster*,
Who gave th'accuser thanks, and said that he
Vnto their Godly Judgements did agree.

[illegible] Poore Committee men knew not their

They

And presently a Warrant was dispatch'd,
By vertue on't the Minister attach'd
Which Warrant was obsequiously observ'd,
And in the very *Church* it was serv'd,
(For in such Zeale, *Miles Corbet* will not faint,
His hornes dares gore, even at the horns of the *Altar*)
The Minister obey'd, and strait Rode up
To *Westminster*, to tast affliction Cup,
Whereof they first'd him drink so deeply at last,
That he is since depriv'd of drink and meat,
Of House and Benefice, Goods, Children, Wife,
Or any thing, that may maintaine a Life:
But that Gods Mercies are all his Workes,
Whereby he lives, in spight of *Tyrannous Turkes*:
And when at *Westminster* he did appeare,
Where the *Recorder* sate, in's *Supreme Chaire*,
There Maister *Gordon* (Counsellour at Law)
Said such a great Blasphemer he ne're saw
Of heard of, and with quaking, shaking, shivering,
He read the *Article*, with dreadful quivering,
At which the whole *Commission* were amaz'd,
And (terror strook) on one another gaz'd,
There sate *Miles Corbet*, there sate all his wits,
Sir *Gilbert Pickering*, next to him did sit,
And *Lowrey*, a grave *Cambridge* Fellowe,
(A Burgesse, and a learn'd Godmaygo Preacher)
There sate Religion pure and shining Star,
The most devout and zealous *Puritan*,
One *Wheeler*, of the first Fruits office, and good
Others, who (like the rest) did ... and ...
Who all said, 'twas a Blasphemy abhorrid,
To call Blest *Mary*, Mother of God, our Lord.
And one unto the Minister said thus,
I will you "*Terminis Terminantibus*"
Then *Isaack Penington* said to him, Sir,
You stand not here Sir, as a Minister,

The *Article* was read, and the Minister said, I do confesse this Article, *Terminis Terminantibus*, where one of the Committee said, Sir, I will *Terminis Terminantibus* you,

Who to his worships, [illegible]
That in that *Article* he'd Lieutenant [illegible]
And what soever they [illegible]
To justifie it, on him fell [illegible]
And some [illegible]
Gods Son to the Child, Sonne [illegible]
Then Master *Corbet* [illegible]
That they would take [illegible]
And then [illegible]
That in no [illegible]
Which did [illegible]
At this time were [illegible]
To whom the [illegible]
Whereby he liv[illegible]
Sir, if you please [illegible]
To read grave [illegible]
They both affirm [illegible]
Now may [illegible]
Of what faith [illegible]
Now may [illegible]
And hazard to [illegible]
Men of a Faith [illegible]
There are the Treasons, [illegible]
And in their Service [illegible]
Their Loyalties [illegible]
Whose to God [illegible]
They have Rob'd [illegible]
From him they [illegible]
This have mad[illegible]
To kill, and [illegible]
Good God their [illegible]
That they may [illegible]
Whereby this Cank Rebellion may [illegible]
And haples *England*, [illegible]

a D. *Hassall*, Deane of *Norwich*, and others.

FINIS.

25 June 97